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EDITOR

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THE TAFT CAMPAIGN.

The intimations that Mr. Taft has decided to reverse his decision to confine himself to a front-porch campaign in Cincinnati will be welcomed by those apprehensive souls who have feared that he was not getting into touch with the people. It cannot be denied that thus far there have been no signs of great popular enthusiasm for the Republican candidate, and there have been guarded whispers, as the summer wore on, that Mr. Taft's personality was not "catching hold." It was even said recently by one observer that golf playing, Unitarianism, and the multimillionaire brother were spreading the impression that Mr. Taft was essentially an aristocrat. Those who were worried lest "goluf," as Mr. Doherty calls it, and the other oddities mentioned were losing votes for the Republican candidate, and who dreaded the exclusiveness of a speaking campaign confined to the front porch of the millionaire brother, will rejoice if Mr. Taft swings around the circle a little and shakes hands with grimy firemen and locomotive engineers and kisses a few of the babies already named after him.

THE ANTI-NOISE CRUSADE.

The argument in favor of a "noiseless" city is based upon a true concept of the public nervous system, says the Washington Star. It is plain to the average person that our modern life has become a clattering bustle, which means an incessant strain and a high tension. There is little chance to relax and rest. People may in all sincerity claim that they like the noise and bustle of the town, but they are not reckoning upon their own highest requirements. They are unconsciously wearing out their vitality at a faster rate than though they took things a little more quietly and gave their nerves a chance to recuperate.

Every unnecessary noise is a wasteful drain upon the human reservoir of energy. A man may grow so accustomed to the din of a "lively" city that he is ill at ease when the sounds cease. He does not realize, however, that he has in some degree responded to each separate sound that has reached his ears during the day. Each clanging bell, each honking horn, each rumbling street car, each shrieking or booming whistle, each raucous voice, has its individual effect in arresting the attention. The mind is subjected to a series of jolts and checks from morning to night, an unwholesome alternating current of sensations that drains the nervous force.

The familiar story of the New Yorker who could not sleep in a hotel in a small city unless a boy ran up and down the corridor with a tin wagon laden with broken crockery has its striking moral. The noise-craving person is as much a victim of noxious stimulation as the taker of drugs or liquor. He does not have as good a chance to live to his full span of years as the man who shuns useless noises and thereby keeps his nerves steady.

It is possible to run a city upon the basis of noise elimination, without harming any interests. The hawker of wares howls simply for his own advantage or convenience. He is perhaps too lazy to solicit trade at first hand. He is not enterprising enough to establish his lines of regular custom. He insists upon proclaiming his presence and letting his customers seek him. The sounds of warning, while necessary in some degree, are all louder than they need to be. They are strident because people have grown so accustomed to street din that they must be jarred by extraordinary vibrations to give them notice of approaching danger. If all sounds are modified the street user will be more alert in his own behalf and the general rate of warning noise will be more effective because lower.

As soon as we overcome the fallacious thought that noise means business and energy and learn the truth that the quietest workers are the most efficient, we will appreciate fully the blessings of a peaceful, quiet town, and all citizens will cooperate with the authorities to prevent unnecessary noise.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Is the airship here? Some people think it is, but we have our doubts. We have before us a profusely illustrated magazine article, which appeared in the World's Work for September, in which the writer endeavors to show that the question asked above ought to be answered in the affirmative. We have also a copy of the last issue of Punch, in which there is a diagram entitled "The Conquest of the Air," with a subtitle as follows: "Showing How Gracefully the Air Acknowledges Its Defeat." The cartoon shows four or five airships in various stages of collapse, and their former occupants making toward the earth with what grace and equanimity is possible under such circumstances. Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and the United States are all represented in the disaster. We are not sure whether the magazine or the weekly paper has got nearest the truth. Possibly there are grains of the essential element in both. We confess that when we look at a successful flying machine we are not inclined to grow enthusiastic over the immediate prospects of aerial navigation. A machine about the area of a Kona fruit farm, with several town lots projecting from it at various angles, provided with a double deck and a lot of framework, the whole mounted upon a set of bicycle wheels, and possessing the quality, providing nothing goes wrong, of enabling one man, lying prone upon it, to navigate a dozen or more yards at an elevation sufficient to get it over an ordinary clothesline, is undoubtedly a great triumph of human ingenuity. We say this in all seriousness. But such a machine does not seem to our sluggish imagination to be a practical method of locomotion. So with the dirigible balloons. They are nearly as big as all out-doors, and if nothing happens to them they can lift a half dozen people, perhaps. They are all very wonderful. Of course, as we must all creep before we can walk, so we must learn how to keep up in the air before we can learn how to fly in it, but in our exceedingly humble judgment we are unable to reach the conclusion that man has yet gained the mastery of the atmosphere. It may come all in good time, but we have a lot to learn first.

The New Herald is making a strong campaign for an alliance between the United States and China. It says that many of the leading men in the Asiatic country look very favorably upon such a step, and declares that the masses of the people are warmly in support of it. An observation of this nature gives rise to doubt as to the value of the other statements. The masses of the Chinese have about as much knowledge of the proposal for an alliance as they have of the name of the grandfather of the Prohibition candidate on the maternal side, for the presidency of the United States. The man who convinces himself that he knows what the ruling element in China thinks upon any subject is putting a pretty severe strain upon his own credulity. The man who undertakes to speak for the masses is imposing upon the credulity of others.

The Ananias Club is in a fair way of receiving members from as far away as the Philippines. Manuel Quezon says President Roosevelt told him that in his (the President's) judgment the Filipinos would be ready for independence within twenty years, as against Mr. Taft's two generations, or sixty years. The President's secretary now says in regard to this assertion that Mr. Roosevelt is not responsible for any statements that are not authorized by him. But Mr. Quezon says he said twenty years, etc. Did he? That is the question, and the President refuses to answer it yes or no, taking refuge in an evasion which implies that Mr. Quezon is fibbing or that he misunderstood. Apparently further questioning of the President would certainly result in landing Mr. Quezon in the great club.

Judge Gray caustically remarks that "the Vice Presidency has all the deprivations of a monastery and none of the consolations of religion." Mr. Watson says that it is a joke. Still, many a Vice President has been made the subject of adverse newspaper comment, until he found it no joke and no reclusive job.

Jack Lucas' proposition that the downtown section of Honolulu should have permanent pavements should not be allowed to drop, even if the proposer should fail to land his nomination. The best streets are the cheapest in the end, and the most attractive and cleanest from the beginning.

Honolulu can well afford to give Australia her moral support in the desire for a visiting British battleship fleet in the Pacific. It may be sent here on its way home.

The Republican party can show in today's convention whether the promises of a political betterment in the Territory are meant or of the lip only.

POLITICIANS READY TO BEGIN

(Continued from Page One.)

nomination from the Fourth for the House. The slate announced is a good one, and if the Fifth will produce candidates as clean, there is no reason why the party should not sweep the county again in the Representative election as it did in 1906. With Castro there are suggested Hon. John Hughes, Hon. E. A. C. Long, Hon. E. W. Quinn, John Kamanouli and Solomon Hanohano. Four of these have served one or two terms in the House with credit to themselves and their district; the other two are men who can be relied upon to vote intelligently and for the best interests of the Territory in any matters that may come before the House.

Fifth on Trial.

There are good men available in the Fifth, equally as good as those slated from the Fourth, but few of them have had a chance to be heard, with Crawford, Clark et al. monopolizing the spot light. In its choice of candidates the Fifth District will show what it is.

Willie Crawford can't understand why there is opposition to his going to the Legislature. Willie may be dense, but he lives in hopes that the convention may be not less so.

An effort made Saturday night at a caucus in Crawford's precinct to down Crawford did not meet with success, but it was decided that the four aspirants for legislative honors would throw themselves on the mercy of the convention. Among these aspirants are Crawford, Bernard Kelekelio and Charley Clark, all for representatives.

A candidate for supervisor from this precinct, which apparently wants to supply all the official material for the House, supervisors and county officers, is Kahaimaielus, boss stevedore on the Oceanic dock.

Crawford proclaims himself in favor of Wise for Sheriff, Carlos Long for County Attorney, and Hustace for Mayor, whom he declares will be nominated on the first ballot. The che-fa expert claims to hold in his hand eleven out of the thirteen delegates from his precinct for Hustace. The other two he claims are divided between Lane and Lucas.

A Busy Week.

Among the county ambitious ones this week will be a busy one. The three candidates for the mayoralty will buckle into their work and the fight, especially that between Lucas and Lane, promises to be decidedly interesting. Both will go into the convention next Saturday with full confidence in the result and only the counting of the votes will convince one or the other of them that most men are liars. Both are counting on support from the same places, pledged to each of them by the same men.

This is the reason that there is a great deal of work going on among the delegates to have the voting in convention by secret ballot, in spite of the fact that such a thing is preposterous and would not even be suggested in any other place in the Union. Deceit demands an open vote. Those who elected the delegates have the right to know how their representatives represented them and a secret ballot is as much out of place in a convention as it would be in the House of Representatives itself.

"Have you read the platform of our party?" "Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "What do you think of it?" "It's a good platform. But what I want to know is why politics should be the only business that allows a man to collect in advance on the strength of his good intentions?"—Washington Star.

Louise—Uncle, what's chagrined Uncle—Well, it's what a stout man feels when he runs and jumps on a car that doesn't start for half an hour.—Chicago Daily News.

She—This dress doesn't become my complexion. I must change it. He—More expensive? I can't stand it; you'll ruin me. She—You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion.—Chicago Journal.

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